

Train Wreck by orphan_account

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Summary:

Mike and Troy have a complicated friendship. Mostly worked out but Mike doesn't like the way Troy treats girls. When he sees Troy's pretty new girlfriend he can't stand to be around them.

1. Troy's New Train

Troy Walsh's real name was Troy-Bob. I shit you not. We'd all seen at least one episode of The Walton's and heard the iconic "Goodnight John-Boy". I mean, who the hell names their kid that? Did they actually want to have the shit beat out of their kid everyday at school? Sometimes parents get really fuckin' weird about their kids. I mean really fuckin' weird. It didn't end there, though. They had another kid they called Jim-Bob.

One day, he was picking on me, not Jim-Bob Walton, Troy Walsh. Typical bully shit, and I made the supreme mistake of saying, "Thanks for the punch, goodnight Troy-Bob."

That was my mouth. I've long since learned to control it.

But that day. He punched me in the face, then in the gut. When I was down he kicked me in the face, in the ribs, in the face, in the ribs. He broke both cheek bones, a few ribs, probably more, but I was a bit out of it at that point.

My parents sued his parents, Troy's parents were rich, and we won. And Troy went away for a while.

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Have you ever heard the phrase "You can't make this shit up?"

Well, here's one for you.

The next time I saw him, he found me on the first day of school, and the first thing he said to me was, "Got something to say to me frogface?"

I did.

"Goodbye, Troy-Bob. I'm done with you asshole."

He had his fists up and he charged me.

What he didn't know was that I was a bit of a fan of Muhammed Ali, his boxing career anyway. There's a reason he's still a legend today. Anyway, I took up boxing.

Of course, my parents hated it and my gym teacher loved it.

You take Karate lessons. I think they give you your white or orange belt after the first hour lesson before you go home. The dojo wants to show the parents who paid for it that their kid is progressing. Whatever. I didn't feel like Chuck Norris after the first lesson. Ok. I was young, but I couldn't see that I'd made any progress. At least not enough for that first belt. They should have made it brightly coloured, cause they were handing them out like candy.

I asked for Kung Fu lessons. Fifteen stances later, and feeling like a grasshopper (seriously, you need to watch the series before you get that). "You must be one with The Universe shit. That will give you strength and skill."

Uh... no.

So I took up boxing. My boxing instructor said he'd never seen anybody move his arms so fast. Ali was like that. It's what made him get a ton of fans. Actually Bruce Lee was like that too. I read in a Karate magazines that during the filming of "Enter The Dragon" they had to speed up the film where he had fight scenes. That results in it being "slower" when you actually see it in real time.

I was no Bruce Lee... and as it turns out, nobody has been since. But... I could punch fast... and hard. I had a lot of anger to work out.

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It's just like the old westerns. The fastest gun in the west is always challenged. And the challenger always loses.

My first two weeks of school during the Troy incident were like that. One of the conversations with the principle went something like this:

"Do you know why you're here?"

My response was "Do you know why I am here?" My mouth again.

"You put James Dante in the hospital." The principal looked gruff.

"Have you ever heard the name "frogface."

"Of course, one of our students gets bullied with that almost daily."

"Say hello to Mr. Frogface. By the way, I don't get bullied anymore. Ask James.

The principal said nothing. Well, not quite true. He did say, "I'm sorry" and dismissed me on the spot. He couldn't even look at me.

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So Troy charged me. I plastered his nose all over his face on the first punch.

A punch he never saw coming.

Then I broke his jaw. And then I pummeled his cheeks. Not enough to break them like he did mine, but enough to bruise his entire face.

This time when he went away it was to the hospital.

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When I saw him again. He apologized. His voice was very low.

I cupped my hand behind my ear and said, "I can't hear you."

His voice was still low, but he got it.

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Like I said. You can't make this shit up.

We became friends.

Troy knew when he'd been beaten. Pain will do that for you.

As a matter of fact I'd say that pain was the ultimate teacher. Intellectual. Emotional. And physical.

In Troy's case. It was physical. I was never sure if the first two ever affected him at all.

I don't think it ever did.

He invited me over to his place one day. He wanted to show off his new quad stereo 8-track recorder. He offered to record ninety-minutes of music for him. He had a blank ninety minute 8-track.

I'm not stupid. He could no longer beat me up, so he tried to impress me.

I'm ashamed to say I fell for it. Before Troy I could not remember somebody actually giving me something.

I'm not ashamed to say that I went with it. I knew he couldn't actually physically harm me anymore, but that whole psychological thing with trying to please someone had kicked in.

I'll admit it. Someone liked me enough to give me things. I'd never experienced that before. He was no longer a bully. I guess I'd fixed that. He had money so he fell back to what he knew, and really what all people who had money knew... spend it on your "friends". Or at least the people you want to hang out with you.

This was nothing new to psychologists.

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Something happened that I didn't really approve of.

I will tell you this. You absolutely can not tell a girl, or a guy for that matter, that the person they might like is wrong choice for boyfriend or girlfriend.

Don't believe me?

Try it yourself. I don't care if you are a guy or a girl, or what your friend's gender choices might be. You simply can not tell them.

They will shit all over you. "He/she loves me! You don't understand!"

But you do. You see beyond the infatuation. You see beyond it for a reason. Because you know that they will never be loved like they way you love them.

So you keep quiet.

Guys or girls who are complete assholes when it comes to relationships know how to get what they want.

Ordinarily you don't care.

You only care when when they happen to target one of your friends.

Maybe not a friend. Just somebody you might like or happen to respect.

Or love.

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In my case it was a friend. I didn't love her until later... by then it was way too late.

As it turns out, a few of my friends, and believe me, I don't have a lot... counting on one hand type of thing.

For sure Max and I didn't get along.

I thought she was pretty. Beautiful red hair, and blue eyes that would make you take a second look... and stare.

I never told her, later, but I was the one who her pointed her out to Troy.

He wanted to one-up me on everything. I don't think he could stand the

fact that I might like someone he hadn't noticed or hadn't screwed yet.

My mistake.

Next thing I knew they were together.

And then they weren't.

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I mean. Max and I were never friends. We rubbed each other the wrong way from our first meeting.

But she came to me after Troy dumped her. Late at night when I was watching TV in my basement.

I opened the door, and she collapsed into my arms.

"Shit. He dumped you. Didn't he?"

Incoherent sobs. That is one of the hardest things to listen to from someone you love. How they can't even talk because they love someone who is not you, but need to tell you how much they love this other person. It sucks.

I hugged her until she felt I understood.

That may be the first time I felt heartache.

That was the day I decided I would not let it happen again.

Troy had destroyed his last heart.

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Kyly McIntyre had a Welsh accent. Dark hair, and strangely enough, although not unheard of, green eyes. A nice figure. All the guys wanted to go out with her.

That included Troy once, I pointed out that she was pretty.

I guess he kind of wine and dined her, or whatever passed for that when we were fifteen or sixteen.

But one day, he told me on the phone that he'd have in her bed by the weekend.

I didn't say much. Not to him.

But the next day with a guy named Simon sitting next to me. Kind of a friend, but we didn't really hang out, I told Kyly what Troy said to me.

She never talked to him again. We sort of became friends after that. Nothing romantic though. That ship had sailed.

He called me a few days later asking what was wrong with her. I played dumb and said, "I don't know. You know her better than I do."

Which was sort of half true.

I had won that round.

Some girls don't mind when they are told they are gonna be mixed up with some mouthbreather.

Some girls.

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“Oh. Here she is.”

The girl who sat beside him, not close, but clearly in, or even wanting a relationship with him.

She was wearing a sweater. White, at the bottom, the middle sort of a teal colour, and then some kind of pattern black shape around the neck and shoulders.

I don't think I've ever seen prettier eyes. She had eyes that would make your soul cry.

She looked at me. Sort of a pained, wistful look. Hard to describe really.

I would never know, because I had no plans in talking to her or being with them when they were together.

I felt sorry for her.

I didn't look at either of them. I just got up and left.

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“Do you mind telling me what *that* was about?”

I pulled my head out of my locker, to see who it was.

It was her.

“Nope.”

“Why not?”

“I tell you, you tell Troy, He screams in my face for an hour. Not playing that game anymore.”

“You’re afraid he’ll beat you up?”

“I’m not in grade seven anymore. Troy’s days of beating me up are long over. I made sure of that.”

“It’s a little rude on your part isn’t it? I sit down with my potential new boyfriend, he introduces us, and you get up and leave.”

“Yeah? What’s my name?”

2. Unconvinced

She just looked at me.

“Yeah, exactly.” I said.

I closed my locker door and walked away from her..

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“Did you see the tits on her? She has a nice ass too, but her sweater was covering it today.”

“Do you need a drool bucket?”

“I’m just telling you... I can’t wait to fuck her.”

And there it was.

He’d already decided he was going to have her. She herself had already called him a new potential boyfriend.

I really don’t know what was wrong with me. Everyone around me has a significant other. I don’t think there was one girl who has even given me a second glance.

Frogface indeed.

Anyway, I was not going to watch this train wreck happen in slow motion.

I used to have a feeling of... I don’t know... longing? When I saw a couple engaged in a very public display of affection. Always wondered if I’d get a

chance to kiss a girl in public, where everyone could see how we felt about each other.

Troy ruined that for me. He practically groped Max in public, and when we were all sitting together. She'd giggle and ignore him. She was really into Troy.

I've seen girls put up with a lot of stupid mouthbreather shit, just to be with a guy all the girls thought was hot.

Max did.

I think Kyly might have too, but maybe something I said triggered in her and she opted out of any relationship with him.

Maybe I just don't get how they think. They can't be that blind to what's going on.

"Oh, man, I can't wait to motorboat her tits. Suck on those beauties until she opens up."

"For fuck's sake Troy, she's someone's daughter. At least treat her with a little respect."

"Hey... I respect her tits... Hmm... I wonder if she shaves her cunt."

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The next time I saw her she was wearing a low cut dress, showing cleavage. And not just a little cleavage.

A lot.

I'm human. I took a look. Thankfully she didn't see me.

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Or maybe she did.

“Get a good look?”

She was at my locker again. I shrugged. I wasn't going there. I was definitely not going to look at her.

But my mouth was about to go into overdrive, I started to say something, but I stopped myself.

“No, go on say it.” She had her hands on her hips... daring me to speak.

“Do you know what my name is yet?”

I waited. Nothing. I got so pissed off that this time my mouth went into super high-octane, nitrous powered overdrive.

“Troy is wondering if you shave your cunt.”

I guess I deserved that slap.

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That slap was a weird one.

It stung, for sure, one of the rings she was wearing cut my cheek a little.

It's main effect though was the sharp realization that I was in love with her. I mean, I know myself, I fall in love too easily, but there was something about her. There was something in her eyes.

I didn't even know her name.

Two things hurt worse than the slap. I would never have a chance to be with her, not after that little performance, and if for some reason the universe aligned itself so that there was even a possibility, she'd be an emotionally husk. Drained after she was discarded by Troy.

I had no friends I could talk to about this. Nobody would understand the dynamics of what was going on.

Wait.

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There was one person who might understand.

Kyly.

I actually had her cell number, and now I think I got what she meant by, "text or call me if you want to talk."

Why would I want to talk to her? We were friendly acquaintances, nothing really more than that.

I didn't want to text though... I think I was still old school when it came to communication.

"Mike? Is something wrong?"

I felt a bit of a glow. She didn't say "what are you calling me for." She asked if something was wrong.

“I’ll be right over.”

That’s what she said in my response to totally a unexpected outburst of tears.

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Her hug was genuine.

That must be what it’s like when someone who cares for you... maybe even just a little... hugs you.

“Sorry for that manly display of wimpiness.”

“Guys don’t cry enough.”

I shrugged.

“It’s Troy isn’t it? He’s got someone else in his dirty clutches. What’s her name?”

I shook my head. I still didn’t know.

“You saved me from him. I cursed you and your whole line of ancestors that day. You know what he said to me the next time I saw him? Same day. Before I could even say anything to him he told me to go on the pill, that we didn’t have to screw, he used the other word, on the first date, but that he was at least going to feel me up, so I shouldn’t bother with panties.”

“He what?”

“You saved me from him. I wish you’d gotten to Max before he did.”

“I didn’t know then.”

“It’s not your fault... we can’t save everybody... but this new girl is special... isn’t she.” Her accent really came through and that set me off.

I burst out crying again.

“C’mere hun,” *She hugged me again.*

“Sorry Kyly... I’m not quite sure why I’m so weepy.”

“That’s an easy one Mike. You love her. You don’t even know her name and you love her. On top of all that, you are terrified that Troy will suck the soul out of her. For the twin soulmate, that is as bad as it gets.”

“S-s-soulmate?”

“Yes. Soulmate... and you’ve found yours. I will reach out to her. I can’t guarantee anything, obviously, but at least I’ve been where she is right now.”

“Uh, Kyly, does Simon know you are here?”

“He does. Mine and Simon’s relationship is trusting and strong. Here I was waiting for you to ask me out, and he comes along and... well... I know that might hurt a bit Mike. If you are going to ask if he’s *my* soulmate, I won’t lie. Friends don’t lie... remember?” Her smile was kind and gentle. Simon was lucky.

“We are not soulmates, Simon and I both know it, but we also know that we are ok with the way it’s going until something changes. And I also know that you and I aren’t either Mike. We are very good friends though. You saved my heart... in a different way, but you did just the same.”

“I think that’s one of the nicest things anybody has ever said to me.”

I like Kyly a lot. I think we are going to be good really friends from now on.

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“If you weren’t a friend, I’d punch the shit out of you.”

That was Troy being brave.

“Please feel free to attempt it asshole, you’ll get the second fucking surprise of your life.” I’d already gone into a boxing stance.

“You had no right to say that shit to her.”

“Oh, you mean the same shit about her you told me? You got your shit all fucked up.”

“Yeah, well, just don’t do it again. She wasn’t exactly receptive to my last idea.”

“I thought she’d have been on her knees by now.”

“Don’t talk about her that way.”

“You mean like the way *you* talk about her?”

“That’s different, I’m only saying stuff that’s gonna happen. She’ll be getting my dick wet soon enough.”

“You know what Troy? You are a class A ass-fucking-hole mouthbreather.”

As luck would have it, Kylie heard that as she was coming up to me at my locker. Troy turned to her and said, “Fuck you bitch.”

“So,” she said, “You going to finally unfriend him on Facebook now?”

“You know I don’t use the internet’s new toilet.”

“That’s the old internet toilet, the new internet toilet is Tik Tok I think. Simon keeps up on that stuff more than I do.”

"I read books."

"Don't tell a treehugger that Mike."

"You can read a book online or on a Kindle."

"Nerd."

I grinned at her.

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It wasn't all bad. I guess Troy and I were no longer friends. He would never figure it out. But I would have Kyly and Simon as new friends. She told me once that she was definitely not a public display of affection kind of girl. Hand holding, and a quick peck on the cheek for either greeting or parting was it for her... or may just a hug.

I could understand that. I was probably somewhere in between.

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I wondered when Kyly would talk to the girl. I didn't expect her to want to go out with me. I'm sure there are such things as miracles... but probably none intended for me.

My only hope is that she would see that Troy just did not respect girls.

There was probably a low lying family issue responsible but, I couldn't watch another girl have her heartbroken. I'd seen too many already. Some of them never got over it and thought it was their own fault.

I was unconvinced that Kyly would get her through to her. Or at least try to get to know him first. Troy's true nature would give him away before long.

Well, I wasn't the only one unconvinced.

She was at my locker the next morning.

As usual I had my head buried in my locker looking for something.

"What colour are my eyes?"

"It would be an injustice to call them brown. A golden brown, or a brown with a golden light shining behind them... or even a hazel brown ... either way... very pretty."

Didn't get a response. I backed my head out of the locker to see if she even heard me.

She was gone.

3. Intervention

She had two best friends.

Kyly McIntyre, pretty didn't even describe her. Her and Simon seemed so much in love that she felt the twitch in her heart when she saw them together.

And Max Mayfield. Max was feisty, but she doted on her boyfriend Lucas. He did the same for her.

They were all good friends.

The only person who wasn't in a relationship was herself. She was trying to snag Troy Walsh, one of the cuter guys she'd seen in school, but he seemed to be playing it cool. She didn't know what was going on with him, or his mouthbreather friend, who's name she still didn't know.

It has been weeks since they'd all gone out to the mall, for shopping, coffee, more shopping... and for those two and their boyfriends... maybe parking later on.

But not for her.

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They had a blast and finally ended in at Kyly's backyard sitting at a picnic table.

Kyly suddenly got serious and said. "Ok, fun time over. Reality check starting."

She looked at Max, who seemed just as puzzled. Neither of them knew what Kyly was talking about.

Max turned to Lucas, "This is where the boys go off and do cool guy stuff no girl has any interest in."

Lucas looked at Simon. "That's our cue to leave. Max is very subtle that way."

The two boys left.

"I want to tell you about this guy Max went out with."

Max's eyes went wide, "You can't tell her that... it's personal... and it's not a good story."

"What are you two talking about?"

Kyly took a deep breath. "Max really like this guy, he was probably the hottest guy in the school and Max got his attention. They went out. Turns out he was an asshole. I won't go into details, Max can tell you if you want. But it was not nice. If it hadn't been for a friend and eventually Lucas to pick up the pieces...."

"That's awful, who is this shithead?"

"Story not finished." Kyly said. "Some other guy at school liked me... thought I was... pretty." Kyly blushed a little.

"Anyway, he made the mistake of pointing me out to this loser. I guess he decided he wanted me."

"But Max and I have this good friend who couldn't stand the thought of another girl being heartbroken."

"Details, details, and other bad shit later, I decided not to get involved with him."

"What did you say to him?"

"My last words to him were, *fuck you in the neck*. His last words to me were just this morning, the typical fuck you bitch. That's about as

creative as he gets.”

“Ok, you have to tell me his name. Maybe I can get Troy to pound the shit out of him.”

Kyly and Max looked at each other.

“Troy Walsh.”

“That’s impossible. He’s cute and a nice guy. I won’t listen to anything bad you say about him.”

“You just did. Are you saying your two best friends are lying to you? You haven’t gone to bed with him yet have you?”

“No, but tomorrow night we have a date, I will lay down the rules for him.”

“I did too.” Max said.

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Max had to leave early.

Kyly and her best friend. Were still talking.

“So who’s this friend who tried to help you?”

“Mike Wheeler.”

She shrugged, “Don’t know him.”

“You sort of do.”

She shook her head.

“You slapped him yesterday.”

“He’s a misogynist asshole.”

“No, he was quoting one and trying to save you from him.”

“I don’t believe you.”

“No? Ask him next time you see him what colour your eyes are. Just for shits and giggles also ask Troy the Dream Boy.”

“Troy likes to cuddle.”

Kyly barked out a laugh. “Is that before or after you give him a blowjob?”

“You don’t know him like I do. Let’s cancel the next girl’s night out. I only go out with my friends. And don’t tell that guy my name. After what he said to me, he doesn’t deserve to know it.”

“Sure. Both Max and I will be here when you need us.”

“I won’t.”

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“Boys make you stupid, ” she said.

“If that’s your way of apologizing, I accept.” Kyly replied. “What happened?”

“Nothing yet. But I wanted to make sure I still had best friends. I’m still going to go out with him. Give him my don’t be stupid rules.”

“Max and I would never abandon you. We’ll be here for you.”

“Oh, by the way. I asked Mike, what colour my eyes were... he was... he was...”

“That’s because he loves you.”

“Whaaat!?”

“He doesn’t even know your name, he loves you and he’s hurting, and he knows he can’t do a damn thing about it. NOt after that slap.”

“He doesn’t know me, how can he love me?”

“Soulmates.”

“You sound very convinced.”

“Friends don’t lie.”

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“So, I guess you know she’s going out with Troy anyway.”

I shrugged. “You can’t cure stupid.”

“Mike... that’s not constructive. At least apologize to her the next time you see her.”

“Yeah, I’ve been meaning to do that. Haven’t seen her since she asked me what colour her eyes were.”

“Why don’t you do something crazy?”

“Like what?”

“Tell her you love her.”

“Just like that?”

“Just like that.”

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“My eyes were the first thing you saw... weren’t they?”

Even as she spoke the words, I was looking into her eyes.

“I was angry when I used the see-you-next-tuesday word. Sorry for that. I don’t swear much and never in front of a girl.”

I thought my knees would give out. When she smiled at me. Ok. I’m going to do it.

“Um... “

Her smile got bigger, “Before you say anything. I am going to tell you my name.”

“I heard it was Jane.”

“Not to my friends. To my friends, I’m Eleven. So wow me Mike. Show me you can be a better boyfriend.”

“No. I’m not playing that game of comparison. I only have three things to offer you. My intellect... such as it is... my honesty... and... and my heart.”

I couldn’t help it. “I love you Eleven .”

She sighed. “I know Mike. This is very surreal for me. Last night I

went out with a mouthbreather that everyone warned me about.”

I kept silent. She continued talking. I wasn't sure I even wanted to hear this.

“I told him I don't kiss on the first date. It went without saying that nothing else would happen either. But he asked like he hadn't heard. He told me if I was done being a bitch, I could at least show him my... um... breasts.”

“I should go punch his ears until he gets smarter.”

“Mike, don't do that, you'd just end up damaging his head, and he'd still be dumb as post.”

I laughed.

“Mike... those three things are enough for me. More than enough. They mean everything to me.”

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“Um, El? I thought you said you didn't kiss on the first date? ...um... or anything else.”

“That was my rule for a regular date. You are not a regular date.”

“I'm not?”

She was sitting on my sofa in the basement. We had been kissing for hours. I kept pulling back when I thought it was getting too intense.

“It's not like I didn't start first... you know... feeling you up I mean, “ she gave me a sly smile.

True.

“Mike. Troy never touched me. I wouldn’t let him. We didn’t so much as hold hands. I wouldn’t kiss that piece of shit, even if he was the clean end of a turd.”

I burst out laughing. “Good to know.”

“I think I can say that I have never felt this way before. Troy was a schoolgirl infatuation. So bad that I refused to listen to my best two friends, and even one of *his* friends when he told me. That says something.”

“I really thought you were a lost cause. It hurt a lot... because...”

“Because you love me?”

“Yeah that.”

“Soooo... I’m going to show you.”

“Show me what?”

“All of me Mike. I’m going to show you everything.”

She pulled off her top.

Author's Note:

This is the sweater Mike describes, and the general look El has

<https://www.pinterest.de/pin/667306869768175167/>